

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

Highways and Byways; or, Tales of the Roadside, picked up in the French Provinces. By a WALKING GENTLEMAN. 8vo. pp. 432. London, 1823.

THIS volume is another of those imitations of the 'Sketch Book,' of which we have lately had so many under our notice; but, like imitations in general, it falls far short of the original, and is tainted with an affectation from which Geoffrey Crayon is altogether free. The work contains but four tales, entitled, the 'Father's Curse,' the 'Exile of the Landes,' the 'Birth of Henry IV.,' and 'La Vilaine Tête.' These, possessing the advantages of a connected and by no means uninteresting narrative, contain some well-drawn sketches of society and manners in France. A few short poems, not destitute of merit, are interspersed in the tales, and the whole are strongly in favour of the Bourbons; a circumstance rather unfortunate for the work, as this family is, at the present moment, rendering itself at once odious and contemptible, and totally unworthy of respect or sympathy. We shall not detain our readers while we analyse, at length, any of these tales, for the result would not be worth the labour it would cost, but we shall merely make an extract from one of them, which will afford a tolerable specimen of their general merits.

This tale is called 'La Vilaine Tête,' a title given to a young orphan-peasant of the name of Jeanette, who was amiable, cheerful, and tender-hearted—not simply plain, but downright ugly. Jeanette was eighteen years of age, when the royalists in La Vendée made an effort to resist the republican arms. Though a staunch royalist herself, she was sufficiently interested in the fate of a wounded republican, La Coste, to afford protection, and shew him many acts of kindness, when brought to the village a wounded prisoner. The republicans were, at length, successful, and Jeanette, with several other royalists, were hurried away to the prison of Nantes, on charge of treason to the republic:—

'It was noon when she and her friends, the very refuse of wretchedness, arrived at the public square of Nantes, on their way to the prison to which they were destined. The accumulating crowd seemed to gather fury as their numbers increased; bad passions gaining strength from association, as virtuous feeling thrives in singleness and solitude. The dissuasions and efforts of the guards could hardly protect the poor Vendéans from the violence of the rabble. The hootings and revilings heaped on them drew additional tormentors from every street they passed; but, in justice to the humane and respectable portion of the population, it should be stated that it was *but* the rabble who joined in this and similar persecutions. The town of Nantes may, in this instance, be fairly taken as an epitome of all France; for in the one, as well as the other, it was the dregs of society who stamped, by their atrocities, the character of infamy which has attached itself to both. They got the upper hand, and used it. May the terrible truth carry down its moral with it!

'As the prisoners were hurried along, many a stifled sigh was given for their fate; many a silent prayer put up in their behalf, and even some remonstrances offered in their favour. But all was alike unknown by Jeanette and her companions; nor was any thing capable of arresting their attention, till, rising above the heads of the multitude, one object struck upon their sight, and for the first time broke their lethargy. It was the guillotine! not silent, motionless, unoccupied—but at work in all the fulness of its terrors, and surrounded by the worst of revolutionary excitements.

'The villagers were led in triumphant procession through every quarter of the town. As they passed along the quay, scattered parties of the populace were shouting in joyous acclamations, as some boats, filled with people of both sexes, put off from the shore. Were these the enthusiastic adieus of affection, blending with the winds to waft its objects safely over the waves? No—a desperate enjoyment was mixed with the hoarse sounds, unlike the faint farewell of tenderness and friendship. What meant the answering shrieks sent forth from every boat—the fierce struggles of frantic women and despairing men, visible to the astonished eyes of the Vendéans? Could these be the expressions of departing love, tearing itself from those who had long filled the breasts of the unhappy crews? No, no; it is not thus that parting scenes are signalized; not thus that inevitable, or even sudden separations affect the traveller, of whom

hope anticipates the return. Alas! it was the *noyades*, whose frightful festival was now in celebration. Those bloodless butcheries, those quiet massacres, which first stole upon the victims in all the seduction of tranquillity, came more shocking than the direst preparations for slaughter.

'The day was closing in upon these horrid scenes, when the prisoners flung themselves upon their heaps of straw in the gloomy prison, called *L'Entrepôt*. Each hour which brought them nearer to their end showed them the terrible novelties of life. Dungeons and shackles, and blood and blasphemy, surrounded them. The night passed by in darkness; but the din of agonized despair—the clank of chains—the echoing of clenched fists against the half-distracted head—the laugh of maniac fear—the wailing of the weak—the imprecations of the violent—the deep breath of the sleepers, for even there was sleep—the death rattle in the throats of those who thus cheated the monsters of the morrow,—these were the combinations that filled up the creeping hours.

'The grated portal was thrown open with the dawn, and the anxious guards rushed in. Their first care was to remove the bodies of the happy few who had died during the night; and these were dragged forth with indignities which fell on the sympathizing survivors, not on them! Next came the selection of the victims of the day. Many were hurried out as their names were successively called over. For the females of the lately arrived group, one chance of life remained. It was permitted to each republican soldier to choose from among the condemned one woman to be acknowledged as his wife. The same privilege existed with regard to children; and, being exercised with unbounded humanity, many an adopted infant of royalist, and often of noble blood, has been ushered to the world; and numbers, no doubt, at this moment exist as the reputed offspring of revolutionary parents.

'Upon every new arrival in the prisons, the well-disposed of the soldiery came in to exercise this right, and a party now waited for admission.

'When the previously allotted victims were drawn out for execution, this band of expectants were ushered in. They entered quickly on their scrutiny; but, being actuated by humanity much more than passion, the selection was not a matter of difficulty or delay. All the women of the little group were instantly chosen forth but one. Need I name her? Who could have chosen

Jeannette? It was impossible. She was looked at but to be turned from; and showing no sort of interest in her own fate, she excited the less regard from others. She finally remained behind with three or four men, from whom there was no hope. Of these, two saw their wives led forth in the possession of their respective claimants; and, dead to every feeling of their own fate, they now called for death with an eager alacrity—throwing themselves at the feet of the soldiers, embracing their knees, and calling down blessings on the preservers of those for whom alone they ever thought of life.

'One by one the prisoners disappeared, either to be sacrificed or saved. Jeannette, who lay extended in a remote and darkened corner of the room, insensible to what was passing, at length raised her head, and, looking round the chamber, found that she was alone. Horrible as was her solitude, it gave her some relief. She felt free to give vent to the accumulated anguish of so many days, and she, not unwillingly, discovered that her cheeks were flooded with tears. She gave herself up to the full abandonment of her sorrow, and sobbed and sighed aloud. The sentinel who paced outside the grating heard the unexpected sounds, for he thought the chamber totally untenanted. He entered, and saw the miserable figure of our heroine reclined upon her straw. Astonished at the oversight which had left her behind, he approached and gently raised her up. He asked, in soothing terms, for his heart was touched, "Why had she not been brought out with the other prisoners?" She knew not why. "Had she no friend in Nantes?" She had no friend anywhere. "Did she know any republican, civil or military?" She never knew but one, and he was now dead. "What was his name?" "La Coste." "Where did he die?" "He was killed in La Vendée." "Had she any memorial of his which might be recognised by his friends?" "Yes, a black silk handkerchief"—taking it from her head, and handing it to the soldier. "Only this?" "Nothing more?" "Oh! yes, some of his handwriting"—producing the scrap of scribbled paper. The soldier rejecting the first rather questionable token of identity, took the latter; uncreased, refolded, smoothed, and looked at it attentively, in hopes of its affording some clue by which to discover who was the writer. While he was thus occupied, Jeannette felt as if her existence was renewed; as if another spring had burst out in the desert of her bosom; and being instinctively impressed with the belief that she now might learn the sentiments of him whom she had so tenderly loved, she entreated the soldier to read the manuscript aloud. But while the sentinel prepared to read, the clattering of footsteps broke in upon her reverie, and the jailor, with some soldiers of the guard, quickly entered the room. With violent execrations they accused the sentinel of having purposely concealed Jeannette, while he, on his part, retorted the reproaches upon the jailor. The security of the victim was, however, the

surest means of reconciliation. The dispute was soon arranged, and our heroine handed over to the accompanying guard, with directions to hurry her to the quay, where her companions waited only her arrival to proceed to *embarkation!* They seized her, and hastened her onwards, her face besmeared with a concrete of dust and tears; her clothes torn and disordered; her hair dishevelled and loose upon her shoulders, for the handkerchief which had bound it was left behind in the prison. All these concurrent disfigurements heightened her natural defects, and in this state she reached the boat. Several of the old and condemned of both sexes were already embarked, but not one female with the least pretensions to youth was there. She was pushed over the side by the guards, and received on board by the ready executioners with a shout of mockery. The preparations being all completed, the boatmen were in the very act of pushing from the shore, when a young soldier, flushed and panting, forced his way through the crowd; plunged into the water, seized the prow of the boat, and cried out loudly, "Hold! I am not too late. I choose that girl for my wife." The object of his choice shrieked on seeing him, and as he held forth his arms to receive her, she sunk fainting on the floor. The guards, the prisoners, the lookers on, were all for a moment mute. The scene was so quick, and the choice so inexplicable, that no time was given for comment, conjecture, or opposition. A moment more and the boat pushed off—but lightened of its wretched freight, for the insensible Jeannette was borne triumphantly to land, in the nervous arms of the grateful and generous La Coste.

'I must not now linger on my narrative, the interest of which I know to be nearly over. Little remains to be told, and that little shall be shortly despatched. La Coste hastened to explain to his astonished Jeannette, who soon recovered her senses on his bosom, that on the morning after their parting, he had succeeded in safely making his way to the outpost of the republican army, where he arrived just as the battle began. That he had escaped unhurt during the whole of that dreadful day; that at the close of the fight, when victory was no longer doubtful, the division to which his regiment belonged was ordered off to Nantes by a route different from the village; and that in the moment of his departure, finding the impossibility of making his way to the cottage, whose half-consumed ruins he saw smoking from the heights, he had intrusted to a chosen comrade the task of seeking it, of relating his safety to Jeannette, if she still lived, and of delivering her the purse which might have been so useful.

'I must not attempt to describe the sensations of our heroine on hearing this wondrous recital; nor the grief of La Coste on learning the fate of his friend. He went on, however, to state that, arrived at Nantes, he had been too particularly occupied to know of the approach of the poor remnant of the villagers, whom report had stated to have every soul perished in the sack and con-

flagration of their homes, but that he had heard, within a few minutes, of her adventure, and ascertained her identity, in a chance conversation with the sentry of the prison, a man wholly unknown to him, who was relating the circumstances to a group of his fellow soldiers. He said that he had but one line of action to pursue. He promptly followed it—and she was now his nominal wife.

'He kept the girl with him under this title for three months, but no ceremony had made them one. He treated her, however, with a tenderness and respect more than is to be found in many a legitimate union; but Jeannette clearly perceived that gratitude was the only spring which actuated his bosom with regard to her. She had never hoped for more, nor reckoned on so much; yet satisfied, and even happy, she had some moments of alarm when she reflected that stronger feelings might some time or other break the ties which thus bound them together. Her apprehensions, and the strength of his attachment, were soon put to the test; for invasion just then advanced on every side, and his regiment, among others, was ordered to the frontiers at a notice of one day. Jeannette feeling that she had no further claim upon him; that he had overpaid the service she had rendered him; and that such a wife as she was could be but an encumbrance to such a man as he;—told him frankly, that miserable as it would make her, she wished him to consider himself perfectly free; and that being now able to work her own way in the world, she hoped that no delicacy to her would make him risk the ruin of his own prospects in life. La Coste was delicately and difficultly placed.

I have said that he was handsome and pleasing. His figure and his manners were, in those days of equality, a certain passport to the best—that was the richest—society in Nantes. He was very generally admired, and had been particularly distinguished by the daughter of a wealthy and violent republican. She was beautiful and accomplished. She had solicited his attentions, and he had even a regard for her person. Had he married her, he was certain of both rank and riches;—but if he did so, what was to become of Jeannette? He summed up, in one of those mental moments, which can grasp at a glance such multitudes of calculations, the manifold advantages of such a match.—He then turned towards Jeannette, and though I cannot say that looking on her face made him "forget them all," I may safely assert, that picturing to himself her forlorn and desolate perspective, he felt some spell strong enough to make him renounce the mighty temptations to abandon her.—The struggle was short, for he married her on the moment, and the next morning they marched off together for the seat of war.—How many ready mouths will exclaim, "He only did his duty!" Would that such duties were more commonly performed!

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Details of the Arrest, Imprisonment, and Liberation of an Englishman, by the Bourbon Government of France. 8vo. pp. 147. London, 1823.

THE Englishman, whose arrest, imprisonment, and liberation, form the subject of the pamphlet before us, is Mr. John Bowring, the elegant translator of the Russian Anthology; and we confess that we greatly prefer his version of the poems of Derzhavin, Lomonosov, Bobrov, Bogdanovich, or any other of the barbarous names of the Russian poets, to his present narrative, which savours strongly of the 'much ado about nothing' sort of literature.

We trust we are not deficient in English feeling, or more ready to brook a wrong done to any of our countrymen than Mr. Bowring, but whatever hardship Mr. B. may have undergone, it is very clear, that the conduct of the French government towards him was in accordance with their existing laws, and such as would have been observed to a French subject.

Mr. Bowring was seized for carrying sealed letters, an offence even in this country. Some of these letters were suspected by the French government to be of a treasonable nature, and he was detained until the fact was ascertained, when the suspicion being groundless, he was liberated. The 'wisest man the world e'er saw,' says there is a time and a season for all things; but, certainly, we must think that Mr. Bowring has urged his case at a very improper time, particularly as he acknowledges the promptitude and attention of the British government towards him. At the time that England is endeavouring, by conciliation and remonstrance, to prevent France from entering on one of the most iniquitous wars that the Bourbons ever engaged in, was it becoming, was it proper, we would ask, to embarrass the government by the claims of an individual for redress of real or imaginary wrongs; and not only by a pamphlet, but by bringing the subject before Parliament? Certainly not. We are sure Mr. Bowring is, in common with his countrymen, indignant at the treatment of Spain, and would not willingly do any thing that should accelerate the unprincipled attack on her liberties; and, therefore, we are the more surprised that he should bring forward his own case so ostensibly. The discussion of the question in Parliament, however, showed that the British government had done all that it ought to do. We have reason to know, that long before Mr. Canning had any official intimation of

Mr. Bowring's arrest, either from himself or his friends, he heard of it through a private channel, and, in less than an hour after, dispatched a courier to Paris, with directions for our ambassador to interfere—he took the opinion of counsel—some of whom were in opposition to the French ministers, and all unanimously declared that nothing had been done to Mr. Bowring that would not have been done to a French subject. Under these circumstances, we do not deem it necessary to enter into the details in the pamphlet of Mr. Bowring, though we shall quote his picture of a French prison:—

'The crowded state of the prison prevented the orders for my seclusion from being absolutely obeyed, except by day; for at night I was shut up as usual with the other prisoners, that is, with those who could afford to pay to the jailor ten sous (five pence) per night, for the accommodation of a bed; the rest, without any distinction of crime, being allowed only straw, and that in insufficient quantity. My apartment was in a state of terrible dilapidation; and from the grease and other materials belonging to a shoemaker, who was confined there, and from a collection of stale butter, apples, and fragments of food, was often exceedingly offensive. A carpenter, a mild and amiable man, who had been imprisoned for some smuggling transaction, fixed some pegs, on which I was enabled to hang up my clothes. The same man had, at the instigation of an old ecclesiastic, erected a neat and commodious chapel for the unfortunate worshippers, within the walls of the prison, as mentioned before; and there I was accustomed to attend sometimes, to listen to the feats of the saints and martyrs of old time,—to drink in sound legitimate doctrines, delivered, no doubt, with great ardour, and for aught I know, resulting from strong conviction. On one occasion the preacher narrated the miraculous conversion of Clovis—a ferocious perjured man-destroyer he, by the way—and explained to his hearers that he was a most valiant fighter, who "covered himself with glory," and who led on the Frenchmen of old times to gather (as they always gathered) the laurels of victory: but once, when he was about to be beaten back, and finding his prayers to his own gods most unpropitious, he exclaimed, "I'll try a new God—the God of the Christians—the God of my wife Clotilda." On a sudden a bright cross appeared in the heavens (that was a plagiarism—but the prisoners were no professors of history)—he dashed among the foe; they fled at the strokes of his mighty arm; they were scattered like dust in his presence. "And so, my beloved hearers (said the priest), Christianity became the religion of the Franks, and travelled down even to you."—The prisoners are not compelled to attend the celebration of mass. I observed that the young and

the old were habitual worshippers. The middle-aged seldom crossed the threshold of the chapel, and dealt liberally the appellations of *bigots* and *hypocrites* upon their companions. In the prison, the state of the women is incredibly bad. There was among them one, a poor maniac, who was in the habit of tearing off her clothes till she was naked; she sat through the day on a dung-hill, which she had collected from the filth of the prison, dashing her head constantly against the prison wall: her body was covered with sores and bruises, so as to be intolerable and inapproachable, from its stench. Her gestures were horrible beyond any thing I had ever witnessed; and she sat, rotting, upon the rottenness beneath her, the subject of all the jests and ridicule of the wretches who surrounded her. There was another woman,—driven to insanity by a love affair, whose beauty, wild and frenzied as it was, could not but instantly arrest and fix the attention,—who had dressed herself in fantastic finery, and who dealt out her measure of scorn and contempt on the criminals who laughed at and tormented her. They were all mingled together—maniacs and prostitutes, female thieves and debtors. There is a Prison Society at Paris; the Bourbons are its patrons, and they receive from time to time its laudatory homages.'

It is due to Mr. Bowring to state, that such part of the Fourth Report of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, as respects Spain (and from which we gave an extract in No. 196, of *The Literary Chronicle*), was from his pen.

—————
Memorial de Saint Hélène, Journal of the private Life and Conversation of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena. By the COUNT DE LAS CASES. Vol. II. parts iii. and iv. 2 vols.

(Continued from page 135.)
COUNT LAS CASES says that Dr. Warden, in his work, has totally neglected the observations and corrections with which he furnished him, and even misrepresented the particulars which he communicated to him. Thus has it ever been with the historians of Napoleon, and as truth lays at the bottom of the well, so, perhaps, it is only in some of the latest accounts from St. Helena, that we ought to place any confidence. The Journal of Las Cases certainly bears many proofs of authenticity, and is, considering the circumstances, written with an honest impartiality which makes it valuable. Napoleon appears to have been greatly attached to the Empress Josephine:—

"They lived together," he said, "like a private citizen and his wife. They were most affectionate and united, having for a long period occupied but one chamber and one bed. These are circumstances," said

the emperor, "which exercise great influence over the happiness of a family, securing the reputation of the wife and the confidence of the husband, and preserving union and good conduct on both sides. A married couple," continued he, "may be said never to lose sight of one another, when they pass the night together; but otherwise they soon become estranged. Thus, as long as this practice was continued, none of my thoughts or actions escaped the notice of Josephine. She observed, seized, and comprehended every thing. This circumstance was sometimes not altogether without its inconvenience to myself and to public affairs; but while we were at the camp of Boulogne, a moment of ill-humour put an end to this state of things." Certain political events which had occurred at Vienna, together with the report of the coalition which took place in 1805, had occupied the attention of the First Consul throughout the whole of the day, and a great part of the night. He retired to bed not in very good spirits, and he found Josephine in a violent rage at his long absence. Jealousy was the real or pretended cause of this ill-humour. Napoleon grew angry in his turn, threw off the yoke of subjection, and could never be brought to submit to it again."

"Josephine possessed in an eminent degree the taste for luxury, gaiety, and extravagance, natural to creoles. It was impossible to regulate her expenditure; she was constantly in debt; and thus there was always a grand dispute when the day of payment arrived. She was frequently known to direct her tradesmen to send in only half their accounts. Even at the Island of Elba, Josephine's bills came pouring in upon me from all parts of Italy."

"Some one who knew the Empress Josephine at Martinique, communicated to the emperor many particulars relative to her family and her youthful days. During her childhood, it was several times predicted that she would wear a crown. Another circumstance, no less curious and remarkable, is, that the phial, containing the holy oil used at the coronation of the kings of France, is said to have been broken by Josephine's first husband, General Beauharnais, who, at a moment when the tide of popular favour was running against him, hoped by this means to re-establish his credit.

"A thousand stories have been told and written respecting the marriage of Napoleon and Josephine. The campaigns of Italy explain the circumstance that first brought about their acquaintance and their union. After Vendemiare, Eugène, who was yet a child, presented himself to General Bonaparte, when general-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, to request that his father's sword might be restored to him. Lemarquis, one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp, introduced the boy, who, the moment he beheld his father's sword, burst into tears. The general-in-chief was moved by this incident, and loaded the child with caresses. When Eugène described the manners of the young general to his mother, she lost no

time in introducing herself to him. "It is well known," said the emperor, "that she put faith in presentiments and prophecies. In her childhood some fortune-teller had predicted that she would attain splendid rank, and would even ascend a throne. She, moreover, possessed a considerable share of art; and, after we became acquainted, she frequently assured me, that her heart beat when she first heard Eugène describe me, and that she then caught a glimpse of her future greatness, and the accomplishment of the prophecies respecting her fate."

"During the reign of terror," said the emperor, "Josephine was thrown into prison, while her husband perished on the scaffold. Her son Eugène was bound an apprentice to a joiner, which trade he actually learned. Hortense had no better prospects. She was, if I mistake not, sent to learn the business of a sempstress."

"Josephine would willingly have seen Maria Louisa. She frequently spoke of her with great interest, as well as of the young King of Rome. Maria Louisa, on her part, behaved wonderfully well to Eugène and Hortense; but she manifested the utmost dislike, and even jealousy, of Josephine. "I wished one day to take her to Malmaison," said the emperor; "but she burst into tears when I made the proposal. She said she did not object to my visiting Josephine, only she did not wish to know it. But whenever she suspected my intention of going to Malmaison, there was no stratagem which she did not employ for the sake of annoying me. She never left me; and as these visits seemed to vex her exceedingly, I did violence to my own feelings, and scarcely ever went to Malmaison."

Of his mother, Napoleon always spoke in terms of the most dutiful affection. He says of his sister:—

"Pauline was too careless and extravagant. She might have been immensely rich, considering all that I gave her; but she gave all away in her turn. Her mother frequently lectured her on this subject, and told her that she would die in some house of charity. Madame, however, carried her parsimony to a most ridiculous extreme. I offered to furnish her with a very considerable monthly income, on condition that she would spend it. She, on the other hand, was very willing to receive the money, provided she were permitted to hoard it up. This arose not so much from covetousness as excess of foresight; all her fear was that she might one day be reduced to beggary. She had known the horrors of want, and they now constantly haunted her imagination. It is, however, but just to acknowledge, that she gave a great deal to her children in secret. She is indeed a kind mother.

"Nevertheless," continued the emperor, "this woman who was so reluctant to part with a single crown, would willingly have given me her all, on my return from the Island of Elba; and after the battle of Waterloo she would have surrendered to me all she possessed in the world, to assist me in re-establishing my affairs. This she offered

to do; and would, without a murmur, have doomed herself to live on brown bread. Loftiness of sentiment still reigned paramount in her heart: pride and noble ambition were not yet subdued by avarice."

The characters of other members of his family are thus drawn by Napoleon:—

"Joseph," said the emperor, "rendered me no assistance; but he is a very good man. His wife, Queen Julia, is the most amiable creature that ever existed. Joseph and I were always attached to each other, and kept on very good terms. He loves me sincerely, and I doubt not that he would do every thing in the world to serve me. But his qualities are only suited to private life. He is of a gentle and kind disposition, possesses talent and information, and is altogether a very amiable man. In the discharge of the high duties which I confided to him, he did the best he could. His intentions were good; and, therefore, the principal fault rested not so much with him as with me, who raised him above his proper sphere. When placed in important circumstances, he found his strength unequal to the task imposed on him.

"The Queen of Naples had chiefly formed herself amidst great events. She had solid sense, strength of character, and boundless ambition. She must naturally suffer severely from her reverses, more particularly as she may be said to have been born a queen. She had not, like the rest of us," observed the emperor, "moved in the sphere of private life. Caroline, Pauline, and Jerome, were still in their childhood when I had attained supreme rank in France; thus they never knew any other estate than that which they enjoyed during the period of my power.

"Jerome was an absolute prodigal. He plunged into boundless extravagance, and the most odious libertinism. His excuse, perhaps, may be his youth, and the temptations by which he was surrounded. On my return from the Isle of Elba, he appeared to be much improved, and to afford great promise. One remarkable testimony in his favour, was the love with which he had inspired his wife, whose conduct was admirable, when after my fall, her father, the despotic and harsh King of Württemberg, wished to procure her divorce. The princess then, with her own hands, honourably inscribed her name in history."

In a former notice of the first two parts of Las Cases's Journal, we noticed some of the dangers Napoleon encountered in battle: he appears to have often had more narrow escapes from death than in the tented field. He was once nearly killed by being thrown out of a calash, which he was ambitious to drive six in hand: in 1786, he was nearly drowned at Auxonne.

"Another time, while hunting the wild boar at Marly, all his suite was put to flight; it was like the rout of an army. The emperor, with Soult and Berthier, maintained

their ground against three enormous boars. "We killed all three; but I received a hurt from my adversary, and nearly lost this finger," said the emperor, pointing to the third finger of his left hand, which indeed bore the mark of a severe wound. "But the most laughable circumstance of all was, to see the multitude of men, surrounded by their dogs, screening themselves behind the three heroes, and calling out lustily:—Save the Emperor! Save the Emperor! while not one advanced to my assistance."

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Summary of Christian Faith and Practice: Confirmed by References to the Text of Holy Scripture, compared with the Liturgy, Articles, and Homilies of the Church of England; and Illustrated by Extracts from the chief of these Works, which received the Sanction of Public Authority from the time of the Reformation to the final Revision of the Established Formularies. By the REV. E. T. BURROW, D. D. F. R. S. & F. L. S. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1822.

Of the cause which gave birth to this work, the author says, 'his attention was directed, by particular circumstances, to a close investigation of the principles of the Reformers of the Established Church of England, and he was desirous to impart to others the satisfaction and instruction he had himself received in observing the perfect unanimity which prevails between those reverend martyrs, by whose judicious, persevering, and well-expended labour, the foundation of the Protestant Church of this country was actually laid; and their eminently learned and pious followers, who perfected the plan and raised the goodly super-structure, which stands, even to the present day, an object of general veneration and regard to the Christian world.' Accordingly he formed the resolution to give 'a connected and compendious view of Christian Faith and Practice upon the principles of the English Church, resembling the works put forth by authority of the Church of Scotland; comprehending a confession of faith, a larger and shorter catechism, directions for public and family worship, and a form of church government.'

'The order observed in the arrangement of the work is, a distinct chapter appropriated to every prominent point of doctrine and of morals in the series suggested by the successive articles of the Apostles' Creed, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer. In each of these chapters, divided into sections, stands first, the original mat-

ter; this is followed by the texts selected from scripture, to confirm and authorise 'the original sentiments,' to which are added, extracts from the books of common-prayer, shewing the direct references and indirect allusions to the several parts of the great scheme of man's redemption, which are scattered so abundantly over the leaves of the English liturgy and offices, by one or more of the thirty-nine articles as they declare the consent of the church on the various topics under discussion, by notices of the two books of Homilies, and with 'quotations from works of minor authority.'

Though the Augsburg and the Scottish Confessions of Faith, and others of a similar nature, were the united efforts of many eminent divines selected for their respective purposes, yet this compendium yields to none of them either in precision of language, or accuracy of evangelical instruction. Numerous proofs of the accuracy of this remark are contained in the work, to which we with confidence appeal, and are sorry that our limits permit us only to quote the following. The book commences in the following manner:—

'1. Religion is the worship and service of the Deity. 2. Natural religion is the worship and service of God, according to the light of nature, or the exercise of reason. Revealed religion is the worship and service of God, according to the declaration of his will.'

The following are the definitions given of the omnipotence and goodness of the Deity:—

'The omnipotence or mighty power of God is capable of effecting all things, which do not contradict his other attributes, or imply a contradiction in themselves. God is the origin of all power, and must, therefore, excel in power all other beings, even so as to be irresistible, uncontrollable, and able, without effort, to execute the sentence of his own will. Knowledge and unerring wisdom would not have availed in the construction and support of the created universe.'

'Infinite goodness consists in that benevolent desire to impart to all His creatures whatever is expedient for them, and may contribute to their happiness and welfare, which the Deity alone can exercise without restraint or error. The bestowing of a spiritual or temporal benefit by God, without merit in the receiver, is grace, contrary to merit; mercy in alleviation of distress; pity in supply of want; bounty in support of innocence; righteousness in pardon of sin; forgiveness in bearing with sin, long-suffering, or patience. Of all the attributes of the Deity, no one is more universally declared in his dispensations of providence and grace, than this most amiable, most consoling property of perfect goodness.'

'By the divine laws, in general, are meant

those which have been delivered to mankind by the authority of God, as a rule and criterion by which good is to be discerned from evil, virtue from vice, what is profitable from what is unprofitable, what is to be done, from what is to be left undone, or for some special and temporary purpose; the end and object of such enactments being the glory of God as well as the profit and eternal happiness of mankind. These laws are partly inscribed on the mind and conscience of men, and belong to the law of nature, but they are extant at large in the books of Moses and of the Gospel; and the sanctions under which they require implicit submission and universal obedience, are more or less clearly revealed in all the inspired writings of the Old and the New Testaments.'

Many other proofs might have been adduced to show, that few divines, either of the past or present age, have done more to maintain the honour of the Church of England, and to promote the best interests of mankind, than Doctor Burrow. We therefore take our leave of the work, earnestly uniting with the author in his own words, that—

'To his clerical brethren—to students in divinity—to the higher classes of the laity, but especially to the young among them—and to all of the less educated ranks, who may be desirous of a brief epitome of the principles on which are founded their faith and practice, as Christians in communion with the Church of England, the author commends his unpretending book, entreating him not to overlook or palliate his faults, but to unite with him in prayer to the one great eternal God, that he will be graciously pleased to bless it, to the glory of his name, and the spiritual benefit of all who read it.'

Memoirs of the Private Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France and Navarre. By MADAME CAMPAN.

(Concluded from p. 138.)

MADAME CAMPAN'S work is of so attractive and alluring a character, that we find much difficulty in restraining ourselves from dwelling much longer on it than our limits, and some delicacy towards the publisher, would justify; but largely as we have already drawn from these volumes, we shall leave more unanticipated anecdote of the highest interest, untouched, than is usually to be met with in works of thrice the size of that of Madame Campan. We are now approaching that portion of the Memoirs in which the French revolution was rendering the situation of the royal family of France so critical. We have already seen what an object of unjust suspicion and base calumny the queen was, and from this time to the period when she fell the victim of revolutionary fury, she ap-

pears to have been a subject of unmitigated persecutions—persecutions which had the effect, as we are assured by Madame Campan, of changing her hair in one single night, to be as white as that of a woman of seventy, nor are we surprised at this, since there are well-authenticated proofs of grief or fear having such an effect. In the Varennes journey, the royal family were attended by Barnave:—

The Chevaliere de Dampierre was killed near the king's carriage, upon leaving Varennes. A poor village curé, some leagues from the place where the crime was committed, was imprudent enough to draw near to speak to the king; the cannibals, who surrounded the carriage, rushed upon him. "Tigers," exclaimed Barnave, "have you ceased to be Frenchmen? Nation of brave men, are you become a set of assassins?"—"These words alone saved the curé, who was already upon the ground, from certain death. Barnave, as he spoke to them, threw himself almost out of the coach-window, and Madame Elizabeth, affected by this noble burst of feeling, held him by the skirt of his coat. The queen, while speaking of this event, said, that on the most important and momentous occasions, whimsical contrasts always struck her; and that, on this occasion, the pious Elizabeth holding Barnave by the flap of his coat, was a surprising sight. The deputy was astonished in another way. Madame Elizabeth's comments upon the state of France, her mild and persuasive eloquence, and the noble simplicity with which she talked to him, at the same time, without sacrificing her dignity in the slightest degree, every thing about that divine princess appeared to him celestial, and his heart, which was doubtless inclined to noble feelings, if he had not followed the wrong path, was overcome by the most affecting admiration."

A few anecdotes, connected with these eventful times, we shall detach:—

About the 15th of June [1792], the king refused his sanction to the two decrees, ordaining the deportation of priests, and the formation of a camp of twenty thousand men under the walls of Paris. He wished himself to sanction them, and said that the general insurrection only waited for a pretence to burst forth: the queen insisted upon the *veto*, and reproached herself bitterly, when this last act of the constitutional authority had occasioned the day of the 20th of June.

A few days previously, above twenty thousand men had gone to the commune, to announce that, on the 20th, they would plant the tree of liberty at the door of the National Assembly, and present a petition to the king respecting the *veto*, which he had placed upon the decree for the deportation of the priests. This dreadful army crossed the garden of the Tuilleries, and marched under the queen's window. It consisted of people, who called themselves the citizens of the faubourgs Saint-Antoine

and Saint-Marceau. Covered as they were, with filthy clothes, they all bore the most terrifying appearance, and the steam from them infected the air. People asked themselves, where such an army could come from: nothing so disgusting had ever before appeared in Paris.

On the 20th of June, this mob thronged about the Tuilleries in still greater numbers, armed with pikes, hatchets, and murderous instruments of all kinds, decorated with ribbons of the national colours, shouting,—*the nation for ever! down with the veto!* The king was without guards. Part of these demons rushed up to his apartment. The door was about to be forced in, when the king commanded that it should be opened. Messieurs de Bougainville, D'Herilly, De Parvis, D'Aubier, Acloque, Gentil, and other courageous men who were in the apartment of M. De Septenil, the king's first valet de chambre, instantly ran to his majesty's apartment. M. De Bougainville, seeing the torrent furiously advancing, cried out,—"put the king in the recess of the window, and place benches before him" Six royalist grenadiers of the battalion of the Filles-Saint-Thomas made their way by an inner staircase, and ranged themselves before the benches. The order given by M. De Bougainville saved the king from the blades of the assassins, among whom was a Pole, named Lazousky, who was to strike the first blow. The king's brave defenders said,—"sire, fear nothing." The king's reply is well known:—"Put your hand upon my heart, and you will perceive whether I am afraid or not." M. Vauot, commandant of battalion, warded off a blow aimed by a wretch against the king's person; a grenadier of the Filles-Saint-Thomas parried a sword-thrust made in the same direction. Madame Elizabeth ran to her brother's apartments. When she reached his room-door, she heard loud threats of death against the queen: they called for the head of the Austrian. "Ah! let them think I am the queen," said she to those around her, "that she may have time to escape."

The queen could not join the king; she was in the council chamber, where the idea had also been suggested of placing her behind the great table, to protect her, as much as possible, against the approach of the barbarians. Preserving a noble and becoming demeanour in this dreadful situation, she held the dauphin before her, seated upon the table. Madame was at her side; the Princess de Lamballe, the Princess de Tarente, Madame de la Roche-Aymon, Madame de Tourzel, and Madame de Mackau, surrounded her. She had fixed a tri-coloured cockade, which one of the national guard had given her, upon her head. The poor little dauphin was, as well as the king, shrouded in an enormous red cap. The horde passed in files before the table; the sort of standards which they carried were symbols of the most atrocious barbarity. There was one representing a gibbet, to which a dirty doll was suspended; the words, *Marie Antoinette, à la lanterne*, were written beneath it. Another was a

board, to which a bullock's heart was fastened, with an inscription round it, *heart of Louis XVI.* And then a third showed the horns of an ox, with an obscene legend.

One of the most furious jacobin women, who marched with these wretches, stopped to give vent to a thousand imprecations against the queen. Her majesty asked her, whether she had ever seen her? She replied, that she had not.—Whether she had done her any personal wrong? Her answer was the same; but she added, "it is you who have caused the misery of the nation."

"You have been told so," answered the queen;—"you are deceived. As the wife of the King of France and mother of the dauphin, I am a Frenchwoman; I shall never see my own country again—I can be happy or unhappy only in France; I was happy when you loved me" The fury began to weep, asked her pardon, and said,—"It was because I did not know you; I see that you are good."

The editor, in a note, gives some further particulars relative to this day:—

"One of the circumstances of the day of the 20th of June, which most vexed the king's friends," says Bertrand de Molleville, "being that of the bonnet rouge having remained upon his head nearly three hours, I ventured to ask him for some explanation upon the fact, which was so strikingly in contrast with the extraordinary intrepidity and courage shown by his majesty during that horrible day. This was his answer: 'The cries of *the nation for ever!* violently increasing around me, and seeming to be addressed to me, I replied that the nation had not a warmer friend than myself.' Upon this, an ill-looking man, making his way through the crowd, came up to me, and said rather roughly: '*well, if you speak the truth, prove it, by putting on this red cap.*' 'I consent,' replied I. One or two of them immediately came forward and placed the cap upon my hair, for it was too small for my head. I was convinced, I knew not why, that this intention was merely to place the cap upon my head for a moment, and then to take it off again; and I was so completely taken up with what was passing before me, that I did not feel whether the cap did or did not remain upon my hair. I was so little aware of it, that when I returned to my room, I knew only, from being told so, that it was still there. I was very much surprised to find it upon my head; and was the more vexed at it, because I might have taken it off immediately, without the smallest difficulty. But I am satisfied, that if I had hesitated to consent to its being placed upon my head, the drunken fellow who offered it to me would have thrust his pike into my stomach."

The Memoirs of Madame Campan terminate with the events of the 10th of August, the death of the king being but barely alluded to. She was unwilling to speak of any thing but what she had seen with her own eyes, or learned from the queen herself, and, therefore, closes the Memoirs at the period when

she must have only received her information from others. The Recollections, Sketches, and Anecdotes which follow the narrative, are highly interesting, and we glean from them the following extracts:—

Winter of 1788.—The gratitude of the Parisians for the succours poured forth by the king and queen, was very lively and sincere. The snow was so abundant, that, since that period, there has never been seen such a prodigious quantity in France. In different parts of Paris, pyramids and obelisks of snow were erected, with inscriptions expressive of the gratitude of the people. The pyramid in the *Rue d'Angiviller* was particularly deserving of attention: it was supported by a base, of five or six feet high, by twelve broad; it rose to the height of fifteen feet, and was terminated by a globe. Four posts, placed at the angles, corresponded with the obelisk, and gave it an appearance not devoid of elegance. Several inscriptions, in honour of the king and queen, were affixed to it.

'I went to see this singular monument, and recollect the following inscription:—

TO MARIE ANTOINETTE.

'Lovely and good, to tender pity true,
Queen of a virtuous king, this trophy view;
Cold ice and snow sustain its fragile form,
But ev'ry grateful heart to thee is warm.
Oh, may this tribute in your hearts excite,
Illustrious pair, more pure and real delight,
Whilst thus your virtues are sincerely prais'd,
Than pompous domes by servile flatt'ry rais'd.'

'Once, during the absence of the king, M. d'Angiviller caused an unfrequented room, in the interior apartments, to be repaired. This repair cost thirty thousand francs. The king, being informed of the expense, on his return, made the palace resound with exclamations and complaints against M. d'Angiviller. "I could have made thirty families happy," said Louis XVI.'

Chevalier d'Orville.—'There was frequently seen in the gardens and the apartments at Versailles, a veteran captain of the grenadiers of France, called the Chevalier d'Orville, who, during four years, had been soliciting of the minister of war a majority, or the post of king's lieutenant. He was known to be very poor; but he supported his lot without ever complaining of this vexatious delay in rewarding his honourable services. He attended regularly upon the Marshal de Segur, at the hour appointed by the minister for receiving the numerous solicitations in his department. One day, the marshal said to him; "you are still at Versailles, M. d'Orville?"—"Sir," replied this brave officer, "you may observe that, by this board of the flooring where I regularly place myself; it is already worn down several lines by the weight of my body."

M. Loustonneau.—'The genuine sensibility of the queen furnished her upon the instant with the most flattering and honourable expressions towards those she esteemed. When M. Loustonneau, first surgeon to the princes of France, was appointed to the reversion of the situation of M. An-

douillé, first surgeon to the king, he came, at the queen's breakfast hour, to make his acknowledgments. This worthy man was generally beloved at Versailles; he had devoted himself to an attention to the poorer class; and expended upon indigent invalids near thirty thousand francs a-year. His excessive modesty could not prevent such extensive charities from eventually becoming known. After receiving from benevolent Loustonneau the homage of his gratitude, the queen said to him, "you are satisfied, sir," but I am far from being so with the inhabitants of Versailles. Upon the news of the favour the king has just conferred on you, the town should have been illuminated." "And why so, madam?" said the first surgeon, with an air of anxious astonishment. "Ah!" replied the queen, in a tone of sensibility, "if all the poor whom you have succoured for twenty years past, had but each placed a single candle in their window, it would have been the most beautiful illumination ever witnessed."

The Courtly Abbé.—The day on which the queen received the first visit of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Russia, at Versailles, a multitude, eager to obtain a sight, filled the palace and besieged the doors. The queen had assigned to me the care of her inner closets, with the order to suffer no one to pass that way, but the daughter of the Duchess de Polignac, then a child; and who was to place herself near her couch, within the balustrade, to be present at the reception of the grand duke. A young abbé slipped into the closets, crossed the library, and opened a door communicating with the interior of this balustrade. I hastened towards him and stopped him; he stepped back a few paces and said to me, "Pardon me, madame; I am fresh from college; I am not acquainted with the interior of the palace of Versailles; the only direction my father gave me was this: 'my son, continue to go straight forward till you are stopped, then submit respectfully to the order.' You stop me, madam; I withdraw, and beg you to excuse me." This young man certainly knew how to advance with confidence, and to stop with prudence.'

That Madame Campan should be strongly attached to the court in which she was brought up, and where she so long held a high situation is natural, but it does not appear that this connection has in the least influenced the fidelity of her narrative, which bears the stamp of truth and impartiality; though this lady has, we believe, had little cause to esteem the Bourbons; for they sacrificed the husband of her niece, Marshal Ney, in a manner which forms one of the foulest blots on the blood-stained page of their history. We deem it quite unnecessary to make any formal recommendation of Madame Campan's *Mémoirs*, which must be universally read, and will, we are assured, be universally admired.

HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS SECTS ON THE CONTINENT.

(Abridged from the last number of the *Quarterly Review*.)

On the Continent there are certain religious sects, whose adventures and even names have escaped the notice of our English historians: of these M. Gregoire has given an interesting account in his *Histoire des Sectes Religieuses*. He tells a singular tale of some Pietists from Denmark and the neighbouring countries, who, in the year 1734, resolved to fly from the contagious wickedness of the world, and for that purpose, embarking upon the Baltic, sailed towards the north in quest of some island, where, as in a Goshen of their own, they might be safe. They cruised in search of Paradise in a wrong latitude; and being bad sailors, and soon sick of the dangers of the sea, were glad to land upon a small island near Stockholm, where they were permitted to settle, and where their descendants still subsist under the name of Skevi-kare, an appellation given them from a domain which they purchased. Religious zeal not unfrequently took this unexceptionable course in former times, seeking the free enjoyment of its own opinions abroad, when that liberty was denied at home. But these adventures were almost always ill-conducted; and, except in New England, they seem uniformly to have failed.

The Hattemistes and Verschoristes, M. Gregoire tells us, are extinct. They existed in Holland, where, he says, they proved the truth of the saying, that if the devil were to open a school in that country, he would find disciples. They are accused of having taught that all sins are imaginary; and that if there be a real sin, it consists in believing that any thing is sinful. How easily are the grossest calumnies founded upon mistakes or misrepresentations, and how readily are they credited by uncharitable minds! The very people who are thus calumniated hold as a maxim, that God punishes men not for their sins, but *by* them. They seem, in fact, to have been pious Fatalists, who advanced dangerous subtleties, but lived innocently, and deduced from erroneous premises the useful conclusion, that in all things it is our duty to submit with willing resignation to the divine pleasure, and that our chief aim should be to preserve the soul in tranquillity. They were called Hebrews also, because the Verschoristes held that the study of that language was necessary for all Christians. It is curious that most of the persons who held this notion, and applied themselves in consequence to the study of Hebrew, were women.

The Rhiinsburghers, or Collegians, who sprang up in the same country, are also extinct. They seem to have resembled that sect of 'Freethinking Christians' which has separated from the church for the mere sake of separation, holding all its doctrines, but rejecting all discipline. No other profession was required from the members than a belief that Christ is the Messiah, and that the Scriptures are inspired. They allowed

of no priests; any member (women alone excepted) might preach and expound in their meetings, which were held in what they called Colleges of Piety. At one time they had formed eighteen of these in different towns. Some of them, from the large license which was given, ran into enthusiasm, and delivered their own dreams as revelations: but the sect had no principle of cohesion, and its members gradually dropt off, some, who wisely felt 'the weight of too much liberty,' joining better regulated communities, and others borne away like chaff upon the stream of infidelity. The Society, or Genoot-schap Christo-Sacrum, which was founded at Delft by an old burgomaster of that town, in the first year of the present century, resembled these collegians in the terms of admission; its object, however, was very different, being the ambitious one of uniting Christians of all opinions in one catholic society. From four members, with which it began, it increased to three thousand in the single town of Delft, where they had a handsome church, and published certain works in furtherance of their views.

The ex-bishop has not included among the Dutch varieties the inhabitants of Broek, near Amsterdam, which Mr. Forbes (the author of the *Oriental Memoirs*) describes as the most singular and whimsical place he ever beheld. When he visited Holland, during the peace of Amiens, they formed a society of their own, consisting of about a thousand persons, who had the whole village to themselves. The streets are not broad enough to admit any carriage, and are paved with pale bricks, which are kept as clean as the floor of a drawing-room. The houses, about three hundred in number, are entirely insulated, each standing in the centre of a little garden, laid out in the Dutch fashion. Each has two doors, and the front one is never opened but for the marriage or funeral of its owner. When a stranger is seen in the village, the window-shutters are immediately closed, and the inmates retire to the back rooms, so that not a human face is seen there, nor a sound heard; 'in broad day-light,' says Mr. Forbes, 'all was still and solitary as night.' Of course, they intermarry among each other; and if a stranger wins the affections of one of the damsels, he can only obtain her fortune by consenting to settle in the place, and conforming to its regulations. Many of them are wealthy, and all charitable. The traveller has not given any information concerning the rise of this singular society, nor of their tenets, excepting that they suppose this kind of retirement to be conformable to primitive Christianity. They carry the punctilio of cleanliness even beyond their countrymen; no person is allowed to spit in the streets. One of their pastors, perceiving that after having held the cure a long time he could not obtain the good-will of his parishioners, and not being conscious of any error or deficiency in himself, ventured at length to inquire the reason of their apparent dislike to him. After some hesitation, the old gentle-

man to whom he addressed himself, replied, Mynheer, you are a learned man; you speak Greek and Latin; but you go into the reading-desk with your shoes on, and your predecessor always used slippers for that purpose, which you will find in a corner of the vestry.

A branch of the Mennonites exists in Alsace, descended from those who were banished from Switzerland and from Strasbourg, in the sixteenth century, when these inoffensive sectarians paid dearly for the crimes of the Anabaptists at Munster, though no person testified against them more zealously than Menno himself. M. Gregoire estimates them at about a thousand souls, and with an equitable spirit, the more to be admired in so bigoted a Romanist, renders justice to their peaceable, industrious, and virtuous deportment. They reside mostly in the department of Les Vosges, at Salm, formerly the chief place of a petty principality so called. A hamlet of that name is exclusively inhabited by them. They are almost all employed in agriculture, and particularly excel in the management of cattle and making cheese. Their dress is as peculiar as that of the Quakers, and more picturesque,—they use neither buckles nor buttons, and let the beard grow. Maidens wear their hair loose, and the punishment for incontinence is to have it shorn, and publicly to ask pardon for the scandal which has thus been brought upon the church. Married women gather up the hair and bind it round the head. Like the Quakers, they scruple at taking an oath, and hold it unlawful to bear arms. The National Convention, in 1793, threatened to force them into the military service; they proposed, as a compromise, to furnish a certain number of carts; their proposal was referred to a committee, and to the credit of that atrocious assembly, in its worst days, it was accepted. Afterwards, when the conscription was enforced, M. Gregoire says, some of their conscripts chose to serve rather than find substitutes. The choice probably lay not between service and substitution, but between obedience to this grievous law and the punishment denounced against those who refused to obey it; they were too poor to provide substitutes during the enormous consumption of men under Bonaparte's tyranny.

They have no churches or meeting-houses, because of their small numbers and their poverty; and it is rarely that they have a settled place of meeting. The minister usually collects his flock (if we rightly understand M. Gregoire) in the open air, when they pray kneeling, and sing psalms, and the preacher expounds the Bible, and more especially the Apocalypse, the favourite book of all persecuted and obscure sects. They pray thrice in the day, and abstain from meat in Easter, Whitsuntide, and on St. Bartholomew's day. With regard to baptism they hold a middle course, and baptize youth at the age of eleven or twelve, by sprinkling, the person thus admitted into the church, laying his hand upon his breast and answering for himself, which they

conceive essential to the sacrament. They seldom marry out of their own community; they avoid law-suits, take care of their own poor, and if one of their brethren meet with misfortunes which are not occasioned by any misconduct of his own, they set him up again in the world. During the course of the revolution they neither suffered nor profited by it. And it is a proof of their integrity and honourable feelings, that they never availed themselves of the laws to pay in assignats debts contracted upon the old standard of money, nor ever purchased any of the property of the emigrants. We have antiquarian travellers, picturesque travellers, political travellers, poetical travellers, sentimental travellers, bibliographical travellers, and travellers for the Bible Society; a traveller who should make it his object to search out the varieties of society would do well to visit the Mennonites, or Anabaptists, as they are improperly called, of the Vosges.

This little community derives its origin from the first age of the reformation. No sect has arisen among the French Protestants since the commencement of the last century, with which M. Gregoire begins his work. Germany, however, affords M. Gregoire a plentiful crop of tares during the period which his history illustrates: and it is not without triumph that a writer, who regards Luther as a minister of evil, comments upon the spawn of heresies with which that country is over-run. Some of these partake of that extravagance which manifests itself in so many ways among the Germans. The Gichtelians, or Angelic-brethren, professed to live like the angels, who are neither married nor given in marriage; they abstained from all labour, and imagined that by devoting themselves wholly to contemplation, and thus, as it were, offering themselves a sacrifice for others, they renewed the priesthood of Melchisedeck, and intitled themselves to the appellation which they had chosen. Such a sect was not likely to maintain itself long. Elias Eller, who called himself the Father of Sion, and his wife the Mother, pretended that the Almighty dwelt in him, and had commissioned him to found a new church. Such is the credulity of mankind, that no quack can be too ignorant to obtain followers, no political charlatan too base or too infamous, no religious enthusiast too insane. Eller is said to have been more knave than madman. He attracted a number of dupes to Ronsdorf, a town then newly built in the duchy of Berg; they erected their houses in a position where each looked to the dwelling of their prophet and teacher, as the *keb'a* of their devotions; and he maintained an absolute dominion over them as long as he lived, by making himself master of all their secrets, for which purpose he employed some as spies upon others, and promoted convivial meetings, less, M. Gregoire thinks, from any love of debauchery, than because he kept his own head cool while the wine opened the hearts of his credulous believers. The sect died with him.

Two brothers, by name Rohler, natives of the village of Bruggen, in the canton of

Berne, as the relation quaint clothes under to come 1748, would call to of a son don a less prodigious usual or to was s bodily ple: purpo they f adjou This done, sensu it nec the d death have Conf first short tagio A by na cious joinit Mess mere tors; vil, a four from head the v open open his d ful g who as r work the felo year of a and, foun to ju that com had to th und tien som whe the hu who hop

Berne, set themselves up, in the year 1746, as the two witnesses mentioned in the Revelations, and designated a girl of their acquaintance as the woman who was to be clothed with the sun, and have the moon under her feet. Christ, they affirmed, was to come and judge the world in the year 1748, after which the kingdom of Heaven would commence in their village. If we call to mind what numbers, upon the faith of a similar prediction, hurried out of London a few years afterwards, we shall be the less disposed to wonder that these madmen produced a great effect among the Bernese peasants; men and women forsook their usual occupations; for what availed to spin, or to till the fields, if the day of judgment was so near at hand? One of the brothers was mad enough to declare he would ascend bodily into Heaven, in the sight of the people: it is said so many clung to him for the purpose of partaking in his ascension, that they furnished him with a fair pretext for adjourning this proof of his divine mission. This sort of madness led, as it has often done, to the indulgence of the most open sensuality. The Bernese government thought it necessary to interfere; and put an end to the delusion by putting the two brothers to death, five years after doomsday ought to have occurred, upon their computation. Confinement and bread and water in the first instance would have cut the madness short, and prevented the mischief of its contagion.

A German gamekeeper, Hans Rosenfeld by name, played a more daring and atrocious part in Prussia and some of the adjoining states. He declared himself the Messiah; affirmed that Christianity was a mere deception, and all its priests impostors; that the King of Prussia was the devil, and that he himself was to collect the four-and-twenty elders, wrest the sword from this infernal sovereign, and, at the head of that council of twenty-four, govern the world. The seven seals also were to be opened, and as there were no angels to open them, this impudent impostor required his dupes to furnish him with seven beautiful girls, who were to act in their stead, and who, till the time should come, served him as mistresses, and supported him by the work of their hands. To the disgrace of the government under which he lived, this fellow continued this life during twenty years, with no other interruption than that of a short imprisonment now and then; and, such is the credulity of mankind, he found believers. At length he was brought to justice in a manner not less remarkable than the imposture itself. A man, who was completely infatuated by his promises, and had actually given up three of his daughters to the villain's pleasure, became at last, not undeceived concerning him, but out of patience that he was not put in possession of some of the good things which he expected when Rosenfeld should take possession of the government of the world; and in this humour he went to the King of Prussia, whom he believed to be the devil, in the hope of provoking him so to act against the

false Messiah as might force him to fulfil his predictions. Frederic, on this occasion, behaved well; he ordered proceedings to be instituted against Rosenfeld, and the impostor was sentenced to be whipt, and imprisoned for life in the fortress of Spandau; the fellow appealed to a higher tribunal, and the sentence was mitigated; not satisfied with this, a further appeal was made to the king, apparently in the hope that he might be inclined to favour the criminal for the blasphemy of his offence; but Frederic properly confirmed the original judgment in its full rigour.

This was in the year 1782. In the same year a curious sect was discovered in Bohemia, where it had perhaps long existed in obscurity. They called themselves Abrahamites, professing to be of Abraham's religion, and rejecting all later revelations, except that they admitted the Decalogue and the Pater Noster. Many thousand peasants were found to be infected with this species of Deism; they were perfectly satisfied with themselves; held that human learning was unnecessary; and, in their pretensions to inspiration, their language resembled the most exceptionable assertions of the primitive Quakers. As soon as they were discovered, the clergy began to proceed against them, and they, on their part, petitioned the Emperor Joseph to protect them. He promised them liberty of conscience, but, on further consideration, informed them, that such as did not chuse to profess one of the religions tolerated in the empire by a certain day in the ensuing spring, must be exiled from Bohemia: and, accordingly, some were marched under a military escort into Transylvania, others into the Bannat of Tenneswar. They are said to be a branch of the Adamites, who still exist in the circles of Bidschow, Chrudem, and Iglau.

Bengel, though in other respects a judicious theologian, had fixed the end of the world for the year 1836—a more convenient date for himself, who lived in the middle of the last century, than for us. At the beginning of the present, a crazy pastor in Suabia took up Bengel's notion, and proclaiming that the kingdom of the Messiah was at hand, invited all true believers to prepare for a journey to Jerusalem, there to enjoy the terrestrial paradise which was promised for their reward. Ships, carriages, and camels, he assured them, would be miraculously provided for the means of transport. It is supposed that the numerous emigrations from Wurtemburg into Poland, which took place at that time, were in great measure occasioned by this man's publications and preaching, the persons who emigrated thinking it would be desirable to get so far on their way. But this madness, like the similar one of Richard Brothers, in England, was quieted by silencing the prophet. The mischief of this insane persuasion was, that it seduced from the ordinary duties of life persons who would otherwise have gone on usefully and steadily in their proper course. The Wurtemburg Separatists were less innoxious and not more sane. One branch of these has obtained

the name of Galloper, because they affect to go galloping to Heaven, like the Junipers in Wales. They themselves give their leader, and the preachers who have espoused his opinions, the appellation of Saints—a word of dangerous import to those who know how it has always been misapplied in the language of fanaticism. According to their absurd and perilous belief, it would follow that they themselves might claim the same spiritual nobility; for they have struck out all confession of sin from their form of worship, maintaining that sin is abolished, and salvation assured, by baptism; and that what the flesh may afterwards commit communicates no taint to the spirit. When ignorant and infatuated persons, possessing such opinions, assembled tumultuously in the fields, and held midnight meetings, it was time for any government which understood its interest and its duties to interfere; and, accordingly, we are told that the founder of this boisterous sect was suspended from his functions.

These Separatists resemble the Ranters of Cromwell's age. There is another branch, who combine a little of the Quaker with much of the radical character. Like the Quakers, they *thee* and *thou* those whom they address, and refuse to uncover the head. One of them, having to appear before a court of justice, and knowing that his hat would not be allowed to remain in its place, went with six caps in his pocket, which he produced and put on, one after another, as fast as they were taken off. They reject baptism and public instruction, and bury their dead without any ceremony, merely digging a hole and covering up the corpse, as if it were a dead animal. Like the Radicals, they profess themselves hostile to all civil and religious establishments, and boast of being superior to those prejudices by which priests and magistrates have hitherto deceived the world. They call themselves patriots in Christ; and, in perversion, if not in derision of the gospel, say that the liberty and equality which they desire are what Christ has obtained for them. They had also instituted among themselves an order, having a star for its insignia, and they styled themselves Knights of Napoleon—the second and true Messiah! The statement from which M. Gregoire has presented this account, was written in 1809, when Bonaparte was in the height of his power; but even then this blasphemous adulation did not prevent the government from taking measures to repress a sect, the growth of which was incompatible with the peace of society.

MR. O'MEARA AND THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

IT will, perhaps, be in the recollection of some of our readers, that, although we gave a copious analysis of Mr. O'Meara's work, entitled, 'Napoleon in Exile,' yet we carefully avoided touching upon his charges and accusations against Sir Hudson Lowe, and the agents of the British government at St. Helena: for,

much as we lamented the want of generosity on the part of our government to Napoleon, we felt persuaded that Mr. O'Meara's statements were, to say the least of them, highly coloured. Indeed, on this subject, we frankly stated our opinion nearly four years ago, when, in No. 6. of *The Literary Chronicle*, we reviewed Mr. O'Meara's 'Exposition,' and stated that, notwithstanding the severity of his accusations, yet their perusal tended to make us acquit the British government rather than otherwise.

There is an old proverb, 'that he who lives in a glass house should not throw stones'; and if Mr. O'Meara suffers from his exposure in the *Quarterly Review*, he may thank himself for having provoked the attack. It is unnecessary to state to our readers, that, on subjects which concern the British government, the 'Quarterly Review' possesses official information which no other journal can boast, and that, although this information may not always be employed in the most laudable manner, yet that it may be relied upon for its authenticity. In the last number of this popular work, there is a review of several works on the subject of Napoleon, but the great object is to expose some inconsistencies (we like to use gentle terms) in the conduct of Mr. O'Meara, particularly on the most prominent subjects of which his work is composed, such as:—

'Sir Hudson Lowe's folly and incapacity; his rigorous and insulting treatment of Bonaparte personally; his spiteful vigilance to prevent the prisoners enjoying the most innocent pleasures of society; his petty vexations and oppression in refusing them the perusal of newspapers, and his neglect or cruelty in depriving them of the common necessities of life; his endeavour to seduce Mr. O'Meara to become a spy on his patient, and his unrelenting persecution of this worthy man till he succeeded in having him—merely because he had the integrity to resist his seductions—dismissed from the island.'

These the reviewer pledges himself to prove 'not only false, but not even to have a colour or pretence;' and that too from the mouth of Mr. O'Meara himself. The reviewer, however, stops to notice a most extraordinary and important transaction,—the charge of Mr. O'Meara against Sir Hudson Lowe of having endeavoured to induce him, while medically attending Bonaparte, to poison his patient.' It was an insinuation of this sort in one of Mr. O'Meara's letters to the lords of the admiralty, which caused him to be dismissed the British service. Mr. O'Meara, in this

letter, after stating that Sir Hudson Lowe loaded him with civilities, and invited him constantly to dinner, says,— 'On some of these occasions, he (Sir Hudson Lowe) made to me observations upon the benefit which would result to Europe from the death of Napoleon Bonaparte, of which event, he spoke in a manner which, considering his situation and mine, was peculiarly distressing to me.'

Mr. Croker, in answering this letter, says, very properly:—

'It is impossible to doubt the meaning which this passage was intended to convey, and my lords can as little doubt that the insinuation is a *calumnious falsehood*; but if it were true, and if so horrible a suggestion were made to you, directly or indirectly, it was your bounden duty not to have lost a moment in communicating it to the admiral on the spot, or to the secretary of state, or to their lordships.'

'An overture so monstrous in itself, and so deeply involving, not merely the personal character of the governor, but the honour of the nation, and the important interest committed to his charge, should not have been reserved in your own breast for two years, to be produced at last, not (as it would appear) from a sense of public duty, but in furtherance of your personal hostility against the governor.'

'Either the charge is in the last degree false and calumnious, or you can have no possible excuse for having hitherto suppressed it.'

Then follows Mr. O'Meara's dismissal, as 'an improper person to continue in his majesty's service.' The reviewer observes, on this point, that Mr. O'Meara 'either received and for two years concealed, and at last discloses only out of personal pique, a nefarious proposition for a medical murder, or else his charge is a calumnious falsehood.'

Mr. O'Meara, in his 'Napoleon in Exile,' dwells on the difficulty Bonaparte had in getting newspapers; that O'Meara got him a few *broken numbers*, for which little attention he was was severely chid by the governor. But we must quote the charge and its refutation. Mr. O'Meara says:—

'No newspapers or periodical publications ever reached Longwood, during my residence there, except some *unconnected numbers* of the Times, Courier, Observer, &c. with a few straggling French newspapers of very old date. In one instance, in March, 1817, I think, the governor permitted me to take the Morning Chronicle of *some weeks*, as a great favour, which was not again repeated.'—Vol. ii. p. 397.

'Now, unfortunately for Mr. O'Meara, the following letter, addressed by him to Sir Hudson Lowe, and dated 20th June, 1817, has been preserved:—

'Longwood, 20th June, 1817.

'Sir,—In reply to your inquiries to be

informed of the name of such newspapers as General Bonaparte may have received, I have the honour to inform you that the following are the only ones which (to my knowledge) have ever reached him, viz. London papers, the Courier, Times, Star, Observer, Bell's Weekly Messenger, and the St. James's or Englishman's Chronicle (a paper published twice a-week); provincial papers, the Hampshire Telegraph, the Hampshire Courier, and the Macclesfield paper.'

'Of the above-mentioned papers, by far the greatest number have been the Times, Courier, Star, and the Hampshire Telegraph. Of the Observer, not more than three or four numbers; probably as many of the St. James's Chronicle and Bell's Messenger; of the Hampshire Courier, probably eight or nine. On one occasion, I recollect that, amongst a file of Couriers, given by Sir Thomas Reade, there was one number of the Globe and one or two of the Traveller.'

'These, with the usual series of papers sent by yourself, some French papers and Morning Chronicle for October, November, and part of December, also sent by yourself, form the whole of the newspapers he has received.'

(Signed)

BARRY E. O'MEARA.'

We avoid all comment and leave the facts to speak for themselves. Mr. O'Meara charges Sir Hudson Lowe with gross incapacity: and it is amusing that in a letter, dated 6th Aug. 1816, he addresses this 'poor,' 'stupid,' 'incapable,' governor in the following terms: 'It is unnecessary for me, sir, to point out to an officer of your discrimination, talents, and observation, &c. &c.'

On the charge of Mr. O'Meara that Sir Hudson Lowe endeavoured to induce him to act as a spy on Bonaparte, the tables are completely turned on Mr. O'Meara. It appears that Napoleon suspected Mr. O'Meara of being a spy, and asked him distinctly if he was not. Mr. O'Meara assured him that he was no spy; on the contrary, says he, 'my principles were to forget the conversations I had with my patients on leaving the room.' And in another passage of the same letter, which contains this assurance to Napoleon, he says:—

'He who, clothed with the specious garb of a physician, insinuates himself into the confidence of his patient, and avails himself of the frequent opportunities and facilities which his situation necessarily presents of being near his person, to wring (under pretence of curing or alleviating his infirmities, and in that confidence, which has been, from time immemorial, reposed by the sick in persons professing the healing art) disclosures of his patient's sentiments and opinions for the purpose of afterwards betraying them, deserves most justly to be branded with the appellation of "mouton"—(a wretch more infamous even than a spy).'

Mr. O'Meara, unfortunately, forgot

this declaration, when, in the preface to his 'Napoleon in Exile,' he says,— 'Immediately on retiring from Napoleon's presence, I turned to my chamber, I carefully committed to paper the topics of the conversation, with, so far as I could, the exact words used.'

But to return to the espionage; and here the charge of Mr. O'Meara recoils on himself.

'We shall show,' says the Quarterly Review, 'that, after all his rant about principles and honour, he volunteered to be a spy to the governor himself, and consummated his duplicity by forcing on Sir Hudson Lowe his reports, not only of what passed amongst the men at Longwood, but even interlarded the details relative to his female patients, with sneers and sarcasms of the lowest kind: we could not have believed this on any verbal statement whatsoever—nothing, in short, but the having before our eyes—as we have—the proofs, would have induced us to state so incredible a fact; and we now proceed to lay them before the eyes of our readers.'

The editor gives extracts from letters written by Mr. O'Meara to Sir Thomas Read, aid-de-camp to Sir Hudson Lowe, the originals of which are in the hands of Mr. Murray.

'In these notes, we see no allusion to their being answers to any inquiries; and several passages distinctly show that they were O'Meara's own unprompted effusions. In a note to Sir Thomas Read, dated 6th July, 1816, after recounting an anecdote of Madame Bertrand, (which we shall hereafter quote for another purpose,) he concludes,—

'If you think Sir Hudson would like to know the above circumstances, you had better communicate them to him.'

'Here we find that so little desirous was Sir Hudson of hearing tittle-tattle, that in a matter of considerable curiosity and importance, (as we shall see when we come to the anecdote itself,) O'Meara speaks doubtfully about Sir Hudson's even wishing to hear any reports. Again he says, in another note to Sir Thomas Read, dated 12th July, 1816,—

'Madame Bertrand told me, yesterday, that Las Cases had said the emperor was his god—the object of his veneration and adoration! This she desired me not to mention. I forgot to tell it to Sir Hudson yesterday; I dare say it will make him smile.'

'Here again is a piece of idle chit-chat of no kind of importance, except that Madame Bertrand desired it not to be repeated; and yet O'Meara, merely with a view to make Sir Hudson smile, hastens to impart it to Sir Thomas Read, with a kind of apology for having forgotten to betray his female patient the very day she had made him her confidant.'

'In a third note, O'Meara states a certain fact to Sir Thomas Read, and authorises him, "if he thinks it would be acceptable, to communicate it to Sir Hudson Lowe, but not as coming from him."

Mr. O'Meara blames Sir Hudson Lowe for refusing to let Madame Bertrand see Marquis de Monchenu to enquire after the state of her mother's health, whom he had lately seen. Now, it appears from a letter of Mr. O'Meara to Sir Thomas Read, that he warned Sir Hudson against permitting the interview. Of the general charges made by Mr. O'Meara against Sir Hudson Lowe, of ill treatment of the French, his work presents a long catalogue, but as to the truth of these complaints, Mr. O'Meara must speak for himself in another of his notes to Sir Thomas Read, dated July 24, 1816, in which he says:

'I understand, from Madame Bertrand, that they (the French) have it in contemplation to forward a letter of complaint against Sir Hudson Lowe, to England, by what (channel I did not understand), containing no doubt various UNTRUTHS, and praying that he may be recalled; you had better give Sir Hudson a hint about it; but let it be between you and me only; as, though I have reason to think SOME PLOT IS HATCHING, I am not quite sure of it, and any premature disclosure would not be the thing.'

Again, Mr. O'Meara, in his Journal, under date the 10th of July, 1816, says:

'A great deficiency has existed for several days in the quantity of wine, fowls, and other necessary articles—wrote to Sir Thomas Read about it.'

'Here, at last, is one word of truth. He did write to Sir Thomas Read about it,—but mark what follows. The letter to Sir Thomas Read has been most fortunately preserved, and in it is found, after the statement of the deficiency, the following paragraph:—

'They (the French) are sufficiently MALIGNANT to impute all these things to the governor; instead of setting them down as being owing to the neglect of some of Balcombe (the purveyor's) people. Every little circumstance is carried directly to Bonaparte, with every aggravation that MALIGNITY and FALSEHOOD can suggest to evil-disposed and cankered minds.'

'A complaint had been made that the copper saucepans wanted tinning; on this O'Meara states (vol. i. p. 120.) that he wrote to Col. Gorrequer, "to request that a tradesman might be sent to repair them." His letter to Col. Gorrequer has been preserved, and contains the following passage:

'You had better take some steps to have them repaired, as Montholon is malicious enough to assert, that it was neglected on purpose to poison them, and very likely he has already done so.'—(Note of 13th Sept. 1816.)'

We cannot follow either Mr. O'Meara through his charges, or the reviewer through his triumphant refutation of them; but we have quoted enough for our present purpose, which is to enable our readers to judge how far Mr. O'Meara's statements are to be relied upon.

In our last No. we stated that Mr. O'Meara promised an answer to the charges in the Quarterly Review, and he has since published, in the daily papers, a letter of three columns, which, however, leaves the whole of the charges we have enumerated, not only unrefuted but untouched. He has, to be sure, drawn into the contest a gentleman of the name of Finlaison, who appears to have been a sort of go-between for the ministers, and is now engaged in the office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. All we learn from this is, that Mr. Finlaison who does no credit to the administration by his epistolary talents, corresponded with Mr. O'Meara, and showed the letters of the latter gentleman to Lord Melville. It would appear that, although Sir Hudson Lowe and Sir Thos. Read took no notice of Mr. O'Meara's communications, yet they were acceptable to Lord Melville, who expressed his approbation of Mr. O'Meara's correspondence, and wished him to be equally candid and explicit in future!

Mr. Finlaison seeing his name thus dragged before the public, writes a letter to the daily journals, states that he was acquainted with Mr. O'Meara, with whom he kept up an occasional correspondence. That in July, 1816, he received a private letter from Mr. O'Meara, 'giving several particulars relative to Bonaparte and his suite.' That some expressions in this letter, led him to doubt the propriety of entertaining a correspondence of the nature offered to him by Mr. O'Meara, without the authority of its official superiors. Lord Melville, on being consulted, thought there might be some advantage in hearing from an impartial and near observer, the situation of Bonaparte and his suite, but wished Mr. F. to tell Mr. O'Meara that his letters would be seen by ministers. Mr. O'Meara, before apprised of this, wrote a letter to Mr. Finlaison, 'in the same style as the first,' but soliciting his friendship towards getting him confirmed in the situation of surgeon to Bonaparte, and stating as an inducement to Mr. F.'s doing so, the following reason:—

'It is my intention to collect every anecdote I can from Napoleon and those about him; and perhaps my being near him might not be of disservice to government, especially if he entertained any thoughts of escape; at least my being constantly near him would probably lead to a discovery of any plans he might hereafter project.'

Mr. Finlaison says, he handed Mr. O'Meara's letters to Mr. Croker, 'who had them copied for the perusal of ministers, with the omission only of some

occasional passages of an indelicate nature,—some of them reflecting on the French ladies and others, at which Mr. Croker expressed to me his disapprobation, and refused to permit any such passages to be copied.' Mr. Finlaison adds, that so far from being an amanuensis of Lord Melville or Mr. Croker, that neither of them ever saw any of the letters he wrote to Mr. O'Meara.

It is due to Mr. O'Meara to state, that he has put some questions to Mr. Finlaison, which that gentleman has altogether evaded, although, if true, they involve a portion of the ministers and their agent, Mr. Finlaison, in a charge of endeavouring to get double statements from Mr. O'Meara, with which to deceive the public. The affair of Mr. O'Meara and Mr. Finlaison must, however, be settled between them; our object in noticing the subject has been already stated, and, we are sure, that no person will have more cause to regret his want of 'sincerity—that first of virtues,' than Mr. O'Meara.

Original.

THE ELBOW-CHAIR.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR.—A short time since, I was invited to spend an evening with a few of the surviving relations and friends of a departed companion, with whom I had passed many hours of hilarity and cheerful intercourse. The commencement was the usual routine of tea, small talk, scandal, funds, business, politics, and such themes as generally form the conversation of a mixed party of male and female acquaintances. Next, cards were introduced; speculation was the game selected, in order that all the party might be partakers in the lucky hits or misfortunes of their neighbours and themselves. This, as usually happens at cards, caused some cheating amongst the young ones, much laughing among the winners, a little snapping and snarling from the losers, and a good deal of mirth and fun from the company generally; and when the game ended, the winners had not much to boast of, and the losers but little to regret. During this festival of Momus, I should remind my reader that Bacchus was present, enjoying with his friend Momus the *jeux d'esprit*, *bons mots*, *witticisms*, and *puns*, as they passed spontaneously crossways, angleways, and everyway round amongst the company. Supper is a concomitant so necessary on such and similar occasions, that I scarce need say, there was one, excellent of the kind, placed upon table; nor did this pass

monotonous and dull; if wit did not flow, there was plenty of good cheer, and though words were rather scarce, there was no want of sauce; the acidity of the aged was sweetened by the good humour of the youthful, and the good cheer and hearty welcome of the host and hostess filled all hearts with happiness. Thus passed the evening—the cheerful song and the inspiring glass, intermingled with the pleasantries of lively conversation, plumed highly the wings of Time, and he passed quickly and unnoticed. It was a spring day, in the morning of life. Midnight ensued. Youth, still animated and gay, felt not the mildew of retrospection, nor saw the cypress gradually entwining itself round the brows of age. Being the senior of the company, I was seated in my departed friend's elbow-chair, when I involuntarily gave way to reflection. How many times, thought I, hast thou, compound mahogany and horse-hair, supported him in his meditations; how often hast thou, with silent attention, heard his arguments in favour of religion, his wishes for the welfare of his country, his execrations against its enemies, his admonitions to the thoughtless, his coinciding remarks with the wise and the virtuous, and his general conversation, which was manly, useful, and entertaining? From infirmity, he was scarce able to walk, therefore wert thou, elbow-chair, his constant companion. Indeed, I could not help considering thee a chair of state, for he, being an overseer of the poor, collected all classes around him;—from the minister and churchwarden to the beadle and the pauper, each party looked on him with respect as a man, reverenced his age, and sympathized in his infirmities; while he, perhaps, though suffering acute pain, was the most cheerful of the group. In this chair was recorded the 'annals of the parish,' here much of its business was transacted, and the characters and conduct of the inhabitants discussed. Hence were promulgated many of its edicts and laws, its local benefits were contemplated, and its financial system arranged. Hadst thou, O elbow-chair! hearing and speech, thou wouldst proudly confirm all that I have asserted! But it is all over. Time and disease warned him from the theatre of life, he quitted the stage, and has made his exit for ever! Thus change the seasons: spring, summer, autumn, and winter, appear in succession, and, like my departed friend, are lost in the evolutions of time. The œconomy of Omnipotence is such, that all nature rises

and decays. Even I, who am now luxuriating in my friend's elbow-chair, shall, like him, cease to exist, and be only known to survivors as a person that once lived and moved amidst their circle; but, having come into the world a little earlier, I was called upon to depart somewhat before them. Thus the waves of the ocean overwhelm each other on the beach, still flowing and receding. Thus century succeeds to century, each swallowing up its race of mortals, while time, with equal and unerring pace, still keeps his regular round. Ah! Elbow-chair! the reflections produced by thee tend to the dearest interests of man—his welfare here and his happiness hereafter. They refer him to past conduct. They hold a mirror, that is either bright or tarnished, as his actions appear in reflection, and they bid him look forward with hope to the goal where confidence reposes or apprehension is overcome by despair.

Feb. 27, 1823.

O. F.

HISTORICAL NOTICES ON DUELING.

THE Turks suffer no duels. Busbequius tells us of a reproof given to an officer by a bashaw of Constantinople, for boasting that he had challenged his enemy, which is well worth the notice of every thinking man. 'How durst thou,' said he, 'challenge thy fellow-creature to a duel? What was there not a Christian to fight with? Do not both of you eat of the emperor's bread? And yet you must go about to take away each other's lives! Do you not know that whoever of the two had died, the emperor had lost a subject?' The challenger was then ordered to prison, where he lay some months; and was at last with difficulty released, and even then with the loss of his reputation.

'He,' says the accomplished Addison, 'who has no other recommendation than bravery, is ill qualified to make an agreeable figure in the world; for he will not know how to employ the talent which sets him above others without creating or finding himself enemies.' In fine, do not forget, my son, that as the coward exposes himself to ridicule and contempt, so the duellist; —the murderer, perhaps, of his dearest friend—is the object of every unsocial and disgraceful sentiment; of fear or of hatred, detestation and abhorrence.

'I cannot repeat too often to you, that modesty and humanity are the most shining endowments of an officer. He who possesses religion is modest, because he refers every thing to an arm stronger than his own; he is humane,

because humanity and justice are the bases of all religion : these are qualities which render the soldier patient under fatigue, docile to his superiors, kind to his companions ; which, in short, instruct him that life itself is no other than a deposit, which he ought to preserve or to risk only according as the interests of his country require.'

Colonel Gardiner, who was killed at the battle of Preston Pans, in the year 1745, and who was deeply impressed with a sense of religion, having once received a challenge, answered,—‘ I fear sinning, though you know I do not fear fighting.’

The most cogent argument that can be urged against modern honour, and its favourite principle, the spirit of duelling, is its being so diametrically opposite to the forgiving meekness of Christianity. The gospel commands us to bear injuries with a resigned patience : honour tells us, if we do not resent them in a becoming manner, we are unworthy of ranking in society as men. Revealed religion commands the faithful to leave all revenge to God : honour bids persons of feeling to trust their revenge to nobody but themselves, even where the courts of law might exercise it for them : Christianity, in express and positive terms, forbids murder : honour rises up in barefaced opposition to justify it. Religion prohibits our shedding blood upon any account whatsoever : punctilious honour commands and urges us on to fight for trifles. Christianity is founded upon humility ; honour is erected upon pride.

Henry II. of France, was the first monarch who declared against the practice of duelling in that kingdom ; and, on account of the death of his favourite, he published an edict to that purpose. It was found, however, that from the prohibition, duels became more frequent.

When Henry IV. of France was firmly seated on the throne, he published a second prohibitory edict against duelling, yet some time afterwards indulged the brave Crequi with a secret permission to fight Don Philip the Bastard, of Savoy.

Louis XIII. issued a third mandate to the same effect. The rage of duelling had been carried to such a height in his reign, that when acquaintances met, the usual inquiry was not, ‘ What is the news of the day ?’ but ‘ Who fought yesterday ?’

Louis XIV. caused several edicts to be promulgated against duelling. It is in this way he speaks of these regula-

tions, in his celebrated address to his son.

‘ I added some fresh penalties to those which had been imposed against duels, and let my subjects know that neither birth nor rank would exempt any from them. I banished from my court the Count of Soissons, who had called out the Duke of Noailles ; and I imprisoned in the bastile the person who carried the challenge, though the affair was not brought to effect.’

In a duel in the reign of Henry III. of France, the seconds (two on each side) also fought. This is the first instance of the seconds fighting. Before, they attended only as witnesses, to see that every thing was carried on in a fair and honourable manner.

In a duel in the reign of Henry IV. of France, it was an express article of agreement between the parties, that the seconds should not fight ; it was also agreed that they should not separate the combatants, because it was determined that one of them must die.

In the minority of Louis XIV. the principals and the seconds fought five against five. Three of the parties were killed.

Thus, sometimes, not only one, two or three, but numerous seconds on both sides were summoned, not merely as spectators, but to be acting parties ; and it has frequently happened, that when, on either side, by any unforeseen accident, one of the stipulated number was wanted, a courier has been despatched in quest of the first gentleman that could be got, to hasten and be a partaker in a combat of honour, which no person of that rank could refuse ; so that those who rose up peaceably in the morning, without being embroiled in any dispute or quarrel whatever, could not answer for their not being participants of some troublesome affair before night.

The last remarkable instance of this kind, in that kingdom, was in a servant of a duellist, (a man of family) who wanted one of his number, galloping through the streets of Paris, and crying aloud for the first French gentleman he chanced to meet instantly to mount the horse he was on, and ride away to the field of battle, to which he should direct him. The first gentleman he met, acted accordingly ; this being a duty which all persons of that rank held indispensable, as, in a like difficulty, they were to hope for a similar assistance.

It was also at one time a custom in that country, that the officers of certain regiments, from some antiquated dispute, perhaps of a century past, were

to fight wherever they met upon the slightest look or expression, whether intended as an affront or only imagined to be such ; though the gentlemen, before they had assumed their respective uniforms, were intimate acquaintances and friends.

Officers of horse, in such circumstances, when travelling on the same road in different directions, as soon as they met and were within shot, saluted, fired a pistol, and if no harm was done on either side, passed by each other with great politeness—although, perhaps, they had never seen or heard of each other ; but their respective uniforms were a sufficient intimation of the honourable manner in which they were bound to acquit themselves, in behalf of their rival regiments.

Whenever such antipathies were made known to the court of Versailles, it was the business of the minister at war to take care that the hostile regiments should never meet on the road, in marches from one city or province to another, or be quartered in the same place, to prevent disputes, quarrels, and massacres, which would most probably ensue. And when it so happened, that a regiment in enmity with another was ordered to succeed to its duty, the latter, by orders from the war office, evacuated the garrison two or three days before, to prevent all possibility of the officers meeting.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SPEED OF THE INDIANS.

INDIANS travel with a facility, a celerity, and a freedom from fatigue, unknown to the people of Europe. Their couriers, or runners, are said to go at the rate of a hundred miles a day. The Hon. Jahleel Woodbridge, a gentleman of great respectability in Stockbridge, (Massachusetts,) informed me, that, having occasion to ride from his house to great Barrington, he observed, soon after he set out, an Indian runner, who had come from some of the Western tribes, with a political message to the Stockbridge Indians, following him at the distance of about thirty feet, and moving exactly with the same celerity as himself. Mr. Woodbridge was travelling at the rate of about five miles an hour ; and perceiving that the Indian intended to keep pace with him, and having a curiosity to know how fast he could travel, put his horse upon a gallop of eight miles an hour. The Indian, with perfect ease, kept still at the same distance from him. On the ridge of

monument mountains, (where it is crossed by the road, half way between Stockbridge and Barrington), the road turns to the west, at right angles, for the sake of descending the mountain easily, and then bends to the south again; a footpath leaves the road at the ridge, and rejoins it at the distance of half a mile; the Indian took this path, shortening the distance to the place of junction about one third. When Mr. Woodbridge arrived at this spot, he saw nothing of the Indian; but stopping at an inn in Barrington, found that he had arrived about fifteen minutes before him. This Indian passed over the seven miles in an hour. Mr. Woodbridge asked him whether he could travel at this rate through the day. He replied, 'yes; without any difficulty.'

Two Choctaws followed Mr. Dwight, from the Natchez settlement, five hundred miles, to steal from him two valuable horses, which they accomplished. When asked how they could be willing to take so much trouble for such an object, he observed, that they had no other business; and that roving was their favourite employment.

ROSSINI.

FEW persons have enjoyed so much fame and popularity, during their lifetime, as this celebrated Italian. His countrymen will scarcely listen to any other music. The *Journal of Bologna* counted, in 1819, seventeen theatres in Italy upon which his operas were performing at the same moment, and seven out of Italy, including London, Vienna, Berlin, &c. Upon this occasion, Rossini was heard to say, 'Sono il più giovine è il più fortunato dei maestri.' His facility in composition is indeed extraordinary. Ricardo of Florence, the principal music-seller in Italy, who has acquired a fortune by the sale of Rossini's works, relates of him, that he composed some of the finest airs in *La Gazza Ladra* in the space of an hour, in a room at the back of his shop, and in the midst of the confused cries of twelve or fifteen music copiers, some of whom were dictating aloud to others the music they had to note. As for those romances, or whining love-songs, upon which some composers found their reputation, Rossini would think nothing of making ten or a dozen of them while dressing to go out. When the *Rigorists* of Bologna reproached him with neglecting the grammatical rules of harmony in his compositions, he excused himself thus:—'I have but six weeks

to compose an opera: the first month is devoted to dissipation and pleasure; and it is only during the last fortnight that I compose every morning a duetto or an air, which is to be rehearsed that very evening: how then will you have me perceive the minute errors in the accompaniments.' With all his popularity, the pay that Rossini obtained would seem contemptible to many an English music-master. Forty pounds were as much as he got for an opera, before he was engaged by the director of the San Carlo, at Naples, to compose three operas, annually, at a salary of less than 400l. a-year. The value of money is, however, much greater in Italy than with us; and it should be mentioned, to the honour of Rossini, that he was in the habit of remitting two-thirds of his gains to his poor father and mother, the latter of whom, by the way, was the only person, it is said, to whom he was ever known to write letters, which, with a very pardonable vanity, if not rather an amiable sentiment, he always addressed, 'All' Illustrissimo Signora Rossini, Madre de celebre maestro, in Pesaro.' Rossini is now only thirty-two years of age; he is a very handsome young man.

Original Poetry.

A DREAM.

'DREAMS in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.'

BYRON.

Oh! there are dreams that render us blest,—
Dreams that visit our moments of rest,
Like holy visions from on high,
To lead the soul back to joys gone by;
That bid it return to the world of flowers,
In which it lived in its earlier hours,
Ere time had darken'd the brilliant scene,
And the cloud of grief on the brow was seen,
Before the withering breath of despair
Polluted the pure and destroyed the fair;
And such a vision, so dear and bright,
Breath'd its soft spell o'er my soul last night.
Oh Heaven! 'twas mine once more to meet,—
Mine was the rapturous joy to greet.

The angel-form of a worshipp'd one!
The sylph-like being, whose heart was all
My fond boyhood had sigh'd its own to call;
Our day of passion seemed but begun;
The same treasur'd look, the same warm kiss,
And the same kind tones that spoke of bliss;
The eye that beam'd brightly with love and
truth,
The soul all rich in the hues of youth;
Oh! these were there, and the scene was real,
For I dare not deem such joys ideal.
The things we woo in our waking dreams—
They are the worthless and fleeting themes;
They are the alluring cheats that leave
Our nerveless grasp, and for aye deceive;
And honours, ambition, thirst of fame,
Of gold, or glory, deceive the same,
Commence in madness and end in shame!

But affection's dreams, though quickly past,
Are substantial pleasures while they last,
And when departed, we still may find
In their memory much to charm the mind.

Jan. 27, 1823

J. W. DALBY.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—As many of your readers may not have heard of the 'Philosopher's Scales,' who will be pleased with the perusal, I inclose you a copy, and shall be obliged if any of them will inform me who was the author. I think they are worthy insertion in a work become a standard one for the library. And am, sir,

Feb. 20, 1823. Your constant reader, S.S.C.

In days of yore, as Gothic fable tells,
When learning dimly gleam'd from grated cells;
When wild astrology's distorted eye
Skimm'd the fair field of true philosophy,
And, wandering through the depths of mental
night,
Sought dark predictions 'mid the worlds of light;

When curious alchymy, with puzzled brow,
Attempted things which science laughs at now,
Losing the useful purpose, she consults
In vain chimeras, and unknown results.

In those grey times there liv'd a rev'rend sage,
Whose wisdom shed its light on that dark age;
A monk he was, immur'd in cloister'd walls,
Where now the ivy'd ruin crumbling falls,
'Twas a profound seclusion that he chose;
The noisy world disturb'd not that repose.
The flow of murmur'ring waters day by day,
And whistling winds, that forc'd their tardy
way

Through rev'rend trees of ages' growth, that
made

Around the pile a deep monastic shade;
The chaunted psalm, or solitary pray'r;
Such were the sounds that broke the silence
there.

* * * * *

'Twas here, when his sacerdotal rites were o'er,
In the depths of his cell, with his stone-cover'd
floor.

Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
He form'd the contrivance we now shall ex-
plain:

But whether by magic, or alchymy's powers,
We know not; indeed, 'tis no business of ours;
Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last that he brought his invention to bear;
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete, he was wrinkled and
grey.

But success is secure unless energy fails,
And at length he produced the 'Philosopher's
Scales.'

What were they? you ask—you shall presently
see;

These scales were not made to weigh sugar and
tea;

Oh, no! For such properties wond'rous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could
weigh

Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or plants to atoms of sense.
Naught was there so bulky, but there it could
lay,

And naught so ethereal, but there it would stay,
And naught so reluctant, but in it must go;
All which some examples more clearly will shew.

The first thing he tried was the head of Vol-
taire,
Which retain'd all the wit that had ever been
there;

As weight he threw in the torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief,
When the skull rose aloft, with so sudden a
spell,

That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the
cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With a garment, that Dorcas had made, for a
weight,

And, tho' clad in armour from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up and the garment went down.
A long row of almshouses, amply endow'd
By a well-esteem'd Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded the scale, while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropp'd into the
chest,

Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down the farthing's worth went with a
bounce.

Again he perform'd an experiment rare;
A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climb'd into the scale; in the other was laid
The head of our Howard, now partly decay'd;
When he found, with surprize, that the whole
of his brother

Weigh'd less by some pounds than this bit of
the other.

By further experiments, no matter how,
He found that ten chariots weigh'd less than
one plough.

A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the
scale,

Tho' balanc'd by only a tenpenny-nail.

A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weigh'd less than a widow's unchystallized
tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanc'd to light on the opposite
scale.

Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heap'd in one balance, and swinging from
thence,

Weigh'd less than a few grains of candour and
sense.

A first water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potatoe, just wash'd from the
dirt.

But not mountains of silver or gold could suffice

One pearl to outweigh—'twas the pearl of great
price.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at
the gate,

With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprung up with so strong a
rebuff,

That it made a vast rent, and escap'd at the
roof,

Whence balanc'd in air, it ascended on high,
And sail'd up aloft a balloon in the sky,
While the scale, with the soul in, so mightily
fell,

That it jerk'd the philosopher out of his cell.

MORAL.

Dear reader, if e'er self deception prevails,
We pray you to try the philosopher's scales;
But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found:
Let judgment and conscience in circles be cut,
To which strings of thought may be carefully
put;

Let these be made even with caution extreme,
And let impartiality serve for a beam.
Then bring those good actions which pride over-
rates,

And tear up your motives in bits for the weights.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Monday evening *King John* was played, and the most interesting character, Faulconbridge, sustained by Mr. C. Kemble, who, with a vivacity, energy, and impetuosity peculiar to himself, pourtrayed the 'greatness and levity' of the illegitimate descendant of *Cœur de Lion*. Mrs. Ogilvie had been announced, for some time, as Lady Constance, but the bills of the day had Mrs. Faust, and no reason has been assigned for the change; in several scenes Mrs. F. was very effective and received much merited approbation. Miss Foote looked the character of Blanche, but it would be a libel to say as much of Mrs. Vining, who played Elinor, the mother of King John, and looked young enough to be his daughter; this departure from propriety destroys the illusion of the scene, and is highly reprehensible. Mr. Macready's delineation of King John is in general good, but he has one uniform method of expressing the prominent passions that must always lessen his fame in the judgment of frequenters of the theatre, and which gives a monotony to his exertions, unnoticed by those who seldom see him. The difference, in this respect, is strikingly obvious between the performances of Mr. C. Kemble and this gentleman; the former always introducing appropriate variations indicative of a reserve of talent ever capable of being brought into action. Mr. Bennett played Hubert in a very respectable manner, and will, no doubt, become an useful auxiliary in tragedy.

On Tuesday, *Fontainbleau* was performed, and many popular songs foreign to the piece were introduced, but it failed in drawing a crowded assembly. Miss M. Tree played Rosa; Miss Hallande, Nannette; Miss Foote, Dolly Bull; Mrs. Davenport, Lady Bull; and Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. Casey; so that the ladies' characters were all well cast, and sustained with spirit. Mr. Pearman, as Henry, and Mr. Jones, as Lackland, played their parts extremely well; but Mr. Yates's Lapoche, one of the best drawn characters in the piece, deserved utter condemnation, and more resembled his Moses, in the *School for Scandal*, than the meddling obsequious Frenchman; nor can we say much in praise of Blanchard's Squire Tally-ho—it was too coarse. Mr. Bartlett was a tolerably good Sir John Bull, and Mr. Farley's Epaulette was very respectable. The piece, on the whole, went off dully, which was principally to be attributed to the thinness of the house.

Literature and Science.

The forthcoming romance, by the author of *Calthorpe*, the *Lollards*, &c. is entitled 'Other Times, or the Monks of Leadenhall.' It relates to the period when the monastery, so called, flourished on the scite of the present market.

The Brothers Percy, having terminated their popular work of the 'Anecdotes' with the fortieth part, are now engaged in a new and original work, entitled, 'The Percy Histories; or, Interesting Memorials of the Rise, Progress, and present State of all the Capitals of Europe.' The 'Histories' will be published on the same plan as the 'Anecdotes'; they will be of the same form, size, and price; will appear in monthly parts, and be embellished with portraits, maps, and views, in the most finished style of engraving. The 'Histories' will commence with London, which is also about to receive illustration from another source, as we see a new work announced, to be entitled, 'Architectural Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London.'

Air Balloon.—An ingenious paper has recently appeared in a scientific publication, on the origin, progressive improvements, and possible ultimate application of the air-balloon. After remarking that these aerial vehicles will in all probability be finally directed by the steam-engine, the writer observes, that all attempts to direct the machine must be fruitless, so long as its small size subjects it to every fluctuation of the atmosphere. To remedy this, he would not further enlarge one balloon, but attach several to elevate a platform, which, shaped like an isosceles triangle, should have one balloon at the vertex, and one at each angle of the base; thus, by the space occupied, it would have a sufficient hold upon the air, and be very convenient for direction. By a simple contrivance, he would give to it a definite position in respect of the atmospheric current; which is the first point to be gained, as balloons are in a constant rotation one way or the other. If a slower motion could thus be imparted to a balloon than exists in the current, a purchase to work upon would be procured, by which its direction could be modified. Something like a moveable keel, above or below the platform, might answer the purposes of sail and rudder. The time cannot be estimated when the balloon shall have attained the perfect movements of the steam-boat; but the steam-engine he supposes will triumph

here also; and it will be a great matter in mechanics, to gain even a few points on the current of wind. Navigation at sea offered little more for ages.

To the Readers of Weekly Papers.—No advertisements whatever are inserted in The Englishman Sunday Newspaper, which is a large folio journal of twenty columns, of the same size as the Observer. It is regularly published every Sunday morning, at the early hour of four o'clock, at Messrs. Smith's, 192, Strand, London. The price of The Englishman is sevenpence.

Important Discovery.—In the year 1406, by the setting-in of the polar ice, the whole coast of East Greenland was lost to the navigator, and since that period has existed only in tradition. During the last summer, however, Captain Scoresby, to whom the scientific world is so much indebted, rediscovered it, landed in several places, surveyed the coast from lat. 75 to 69, found it to consist of various islands and inlets (which he supposes may communicate with Baffin's Bay), the weather temperate, and the air swarming with bees, butterflies, and mosquitoes. His adventures on this singular expedition will shortly be published in a regular form.

Blow-pipe.—A new blow-pipe has been invented by Mr. Gurney, which includes the wonderful properties of at once perfect safety, and a power equal to at least ten times that of any other instrument of the kind hitherto in use. To those who are acquainted with this subject, it will be sufficient to say, that Mr. Gurney's blow-pipe is capable of permitting the use of a flame of the mixed gasses twelve or fourteen inches in length when required—that no known substance resists its power—that a platinum wire a quarter of an inch in diameter melts before it almost immediately; tobacco pipes have been converted into perfectly transparent glass, and a steel file had a hole burnt through it in less than half a minute. It will be recollect that the flame produced by the common condensing blow-pipe is not more than three-fourths of an inch long, and that the late Dr. Clarke, in using that instrument, considered it as a complete triumph of art to be able to melt a platinum wire the size of a knitting needle. Even this was effected at imminent risk, several destructive explosions having taken place, and Dr. Clarke latterly resorted to the expedient of building up a brick wall between himself and his instrument.

Geography.—It is gratifying to discover any thing like liberality in a Rus-

sian. Count Romanoff, the enlightened nobleman who fitted out at his own expense the expedition under Kotzebue for circumnavigating the globe, has sent out travellers to cross, if possible, the ice from the eastern coast of Asia to the western coast of America.

A new Percussion Lock has been invented in Scotland, the chief advantages of which are, that the sportsman, before setting out, is enabled to supply priming for eighty discharges of a double-barreled gun, that the explosions are certain, the lock easily kept clean, and not exposed to damp; and security against accident by the bursting of the magazine.

Books.—A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mouldiness and damp. Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch-tree, never moulders; and merchants suffer large bales of this article to lie in the London-docks in the most careless manner, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from damp.

The Bee.

Lady Russel.—The fortitude and presence of mind which the amiable Lady Rachel Russel displayed on her husband's trial and death, attended her on a lesser and unpremeditated occasion.—The following relation, says Mr. Selwood, I had from Lady Russel, in Southampton Row, Bedford House, where the accident happened. Her ladyship's own words, to the best of my remembrance, were these. ‘As I was reading in my closet, the door being bolted, on a sudden the candle and candlestick jumped off the table, a hissing fire ran on the floor, and after a short time, left some paper in a flame, which with my foot I put into the fire to prevent mischief. I then sat down in the dark to consider whence this event should come. I knew my doors and windows were fast, and that there was no way open into the closet but by the chimney, but that something should come down there and strike my candle off the table in that manner I believed impossible. After I had wearied myself with thinking to no purpose, I rang my bell. The servant in waiting, when I told him what had happened, begged pardon, for having, by mistake, given me a mould candle with a gunpowder squib in it, which was intended to make sport among his fellow-servants on a rejoicing day! Her ladyship bid the servant not be troubled at the matter, for she had no other concern about it than that of not finding out the cause.’

EPIGRAM,

By Sir James Lawrence, Knight of Malta.
As gay Lord Edward in a lively freak,
Kiss'd ancient Margaret, for the dame was
kind,
He found, although the rose had left her cheek,
The thorn upon her chin remained behind.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to be again under the necessity of deferring to our next some articles promised, and several others intended for our present number.

‘Ronald and Ellen,’ the ‘Life of Mr. Playfair,’ and a ‘Critical Notice of Mr. Haydon’s new Picture,’ shall certainly appear next week.

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